

The Originals: Emylee

by Fangirling007

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Summary: The story went that her father had died in the war between Sparta and the Persians in 480 B.C. Her mother, the powerful witch Lyra, was thrown into a fit of madness, summoning the darkest, most primordial powers known to the Wicca people and used them to create the Vendetta Witch. Also known as Elijah's one true love. Elijah/OC, not quite Soulmate AU, but heading that way. Rated T.

1. The Prophecy

Hello and welcome! If you've taken the time to read this: Thank you very much!

~1~

****Hopes and Promise****

I hope that this story will interest you and be entirely unique. However I do apologise in advance if anything ever seems as if it's exactly the same as someone else's work, I swear that I would never intentionally and knowingly copy someone else's ideas and work. I've had my work copied and stolen before and it sucks. So on the flip side of that I would ask that you extend me the same courtesy and please do not steal or copy my work as I put a lot of time and effort into what I write.

~2~

****!Disclaimer!****

I do not own The Originals or The Vampire Diaries. Anything and anyone you recognise is not of my creation. The only thing I own is Emylee, her backstory and how she fits into the plot of these much loved series. I will not be repeating this so please do not complain about it not being in future chapters. However I must say, if I did

own Elijah... Well I think we _all_ know where I'm going with that statement.

~3~

****Reviews and opinions!****

I am not the type of writer who will get angry at people with opposing opinions, but I will say this. If you disagree with a pairing in my story there is nothing that is making you read it. I will not be offended if you read the first few lines and decide that this story isn't for you! In fact: ****I would love to hear what you dislike about it! ****But I just want to make it clear that I will not change any pairings as the ones I've chosen are crucial to my plot and it would require an entire revamping (see my pun?) to change it. My point is: ****Please do review, I love constructive criticism, however I will BLUNTLY IGNORE FLAMES.****

Thank you very much if you bothered to read all that, if not, oh well! So without further ado, Ladies and Gentlemen, I do present:

****EMYLEE****

* * *

><p>On the first page was the water,<p>

In form of snow and ice.

But by the time the page had turned,

The earth had shaken the dice,

Even when the blood ran cold,

The air grew colder still,

It took the deaths of family,

For the flames to obey her will,

And still it did not end,

The darker pieces that lived within,

Rose high up to the light,

Mistakes were made. She kept them close,

She held on to them tight,

A thousand years she persevered,

And then another day,

Lessons they would never learn,

Stood within her way,

And still it did not end,
But though she felt hope draining,
More with every hour,
She heard her mantra in her head,
Family is power,
And though she knew it safest,
If these ties, she should sever,
She heard her promise in her head,
Always and forever.

2. The Beginning

Shivers ran down Emylee's spine, ice fingers which paralysed her where she stood. Under the light of tonight's full moon she was truly cold. The fire which would normally sear through her veins, hiding just beneath the surface of her skin, did not warm her like it should. No, the layer of ice that covered her skin was slowly seeping in, curling around each individual flame like ivy on a tree; tightening, gripping, suffocating every inch of her being. It makes her heart clench to feel so utterly cold. To be so close to death with no one to hold her a tell her she is loved. To be alone.

Mama had told her from the start that no good would come of the fire. No amount of warmth could justify the destruction she caused just by existing. 'Nature will always find a balance' she'd say. 'Nature will always win' was what she should have said, or better yet 'Nature will always be cold'. What Emylee wouldn't do for a fire right now, what she would give to be warm again. But the cold fingers of ice continued to trail down her arms and legs that were barely covered by the light summer dress she wore that cold winters night. Those fingers were persistent, clutching on to whatever heat they could find, digging deep into her blood, just to tear the heat away, leaving what felt like a never ending open wound. This night, should she survive, would leave invisible scars, marring her skin for all of eternity. Through every birth, life and death she would remember this pain, an everlasting phantom agony.

When the fingers reached her neck she thought she felt deaths breath on her cheek. She thought she saw his shadow cross her own. She thought she saw moonlight dance upon the tip of his scythe from the corner of eye. Winking wickedly, enticing her with the impossible chance to turn around and face death with a true warrior's glint in her eyes. Yet the fingers held her in their vice like grip. Securing her spine and rooting her to the slab of rock upon which she stood. Unyielding as the howls that echoed throughout these woods. Alerting her to beasts which roamed on this night each month.

Knowing how completely helpless she was Emylee took in the last piece of beauty she had with her, securing it's image tightly in her mind so that she would always know it. That image was the stars, more accurately that image was Andromeda. Someone Emylee would forever be

relating to. Mothers whose heart held nothing but vanity and self love, mothers who chose to sacrifice the child for their own preservation. Mothers who simply didn't care enough to try. Maybe that was why the ice had come. Maybe it wasn't the cold that gripped Emylee's heart in these weak moments. Maybe it was her mother's hands holding her heart, or maybe it was just Emylee's hope.

From her point of view Andromeda was dancing, finally free in death, twinkling in never ending beauty among thousands of others in the sky. Immortalised as a symbol of hope, hope that one day you could be free of the bindings that held you so tight. Andromeda was the trapped girl of legend. She'd been in the sky before Emylee was first born, for as long as Emylee lived and Andromeda would continue to be there long after she died. Which, considering Emylee's circumstances, could be mere moments away. She could no longer see Andromeda.

It took a minute for Emylee to realise the moon was gone and that the stars were fading, the sky was growing darker and darker with every passing second. In realising this another thought hit her, hit her so hard that the vice grip of the hand faltered on her spine and left her to sink to her knees in the snow. The howling had ceased. And it had snowed.

Funny to think that something so beautiful, something that resembled a thousand miniature diamonds was so cold, enough so that it could seep through every layer of skin and muscle tissue and bone, into the very essence of a person. But it was fitting, Emylee guessed, that when she was finally ready to die, when she was finally ready to give herself to the flames she could hold in the centre of her hand, to the Magic that had rooted itself in her soul so long ago. That she would find her self slipping away in a cold and snowy night, alone. But what would shock any onlooker, any stranger, was that she wasn't afraid. She would have looked more like she was dreaming, peacefully asleep. And for her it was not too different. The pain had ebbed away, leaving her feeling numb and heavy. Her eyelids were so heavy, like lead weights were pulling them down, it couldn't be a bad idea to shut them, to relieve the ache that was building behind her eyes, pushing them to sink closed.

And so that was exactly what she did. But not before she heard shouts, muffled by the lull of numbness and the darkness that calmed her from beneath her eyelids. Shouts that, while not waking her, pierced through the layers of her subconscious to reach her mind.

"_Fetch our mother!_" The rich baritone voice called "_She's alive!_"

~*~In the village that morning~*~

Full moons had never bothered Elijah. Yes, their lure brought out the beasts in their village, but within the caves there was nothing for them to fear. Henrik, his youngest brother and sibling, hated these caves, yet Elijah knew not why. The carved and decorated hard stone walls were a comfort, forever ensuring the inhabitants of their immovability. The echoes of the villagers whispers reminding them that they were never alone. But his favourite was the closeness. These caves were not a confinement but they were not by any means spacious. For him this was a time when his family would come together, their eldest sibling Finn, then Elijah himself, Niklaus,

Kol, Rebekah and the youngest Henrik along with their mother Esther and the father Mikeal, finding just a few moments of peace in an otherwise chaotic family.

However Elijah always found that sunrise came close second on his list of favourites. The night could be chilling, uncomfortable even, if they didn't take enough blankets. And after a night such as that there was nothing better than when the sun hit your face after a long cold night, it was truly enlightening. Those gentle rays unlocked a small part of him which he saved for his happiest moments, the part which could enjoy life without worries, without cares. These were times when he did not have to worry about whether his father would beat Niklaus that day, whether Rebekah would run off with some young man. It was a time when he could be truly free beneath the revealing and heartwarming rays of the sun.

Today was one of those times. The night had been bitter and left his bones and muscles feeling like solid ice, yet, in the pale light of the sunrise, he could feel them thawing, allowing him to stand and stretch languidly, not wishing to think of the day ahead. At 23 he was the second oldest of his family and had many expectations placed upon his shoulders. These moments of peace in the morning, before a hard day of work, were a blessing.

With sunrise came security in the fact that the wolves were gone, so when Elijah opened up the entrance and stepped outside he knew he had nothing to fear. True to the chill that had swept through the caves that night, a thin blanket of snow covered the ground, washing everything a clean white which was a sight rarely seen in their place in the world. On each and every roof a few small icicles hung, glittering softly in the sunlight, capturing the rays and emitting them in a widespread rainbow on the crisp white canvas that was the snow. The picture it made was a swirl of colours, eclipsing the plain white that had shone there before. Though full of the knowledge that to do so was considered unmanly, Elijah closed his eyes and turned slowly in a circle, allowing all the parts of his body to soak in the sunlight. He would have finished turning a full circle, might have missed one of the most important things in his life, had he not opened his eyes halfway round. Yet he didn't keep his eyes closed, and he certainly didn't miss it.

Lying upon the slab of stone that helped to create and shield the entrance of the caves was a truly captivating young woman.

A halo of hair of a hundred different shades, ranging from the dark brown of pine bark, to the flawless gold of honey, flowed down her back in a thousand different types of braids. Each braid as intricate as the last, some that even intertwined with others to form a large knot at the base of her head, all the while loose ones still hung around her delicate face. Much like his sister Rebekah, Elijah saw that this girl's skin was naturally pale, yet time spent outside had lightly tanned it like so many of the villagers he knew. Her features were slim and held an ethereal beauty especially while she slept like this. However Elijah's shock centred mainly on her basic attire, a light summer dress, not unlike those which Rebekah wore in the warmer months, which did nothing to keep the cold out.

It was at that moment he saw her visibly shiver and curl in on herself to retain some degree of body heat. Though the snow was not heavy, it would still ensure she received no warmth and depending

upon how long she had been out here, there may be risk to her life. In answer to this realisation Elijah swiftly moved to check on her, quickly finding that to touch her hand was not dissimilar to touching shards of ice. While beautiful, this girl was freezing and had nothing but skin and bone to her name. A rustling behind him alerted him to his brother's Finn and Niklaus arriving both their breaths hitching at the sight. Neither knew quite how to respond to the scene that was playing out before them. They were utterly motionless to it all.

Frustrated at their lack of response Elijah rolled his eyes and scooped the girl up into his arms before heading towards their mother's healing house. It was the sole place of healing, a small but cosy room covered in herbs and remedies, but it was also a place of magic. Their mother was, in fact, a witch and of all the people who knew basic healing, she was who this girl needed right now. Noticing once again that neither of his brothers were moving he practically growled out at them.

"Fetch our mother! She's alive!"

~*~A day or so later~*

The first thing Emylee really knew was warmth. A stark contrast to the last sensations which she remembered from seemingly mere moments ago. Yet not unlike the ice, it seeped into her bones, reigniting the fire she'd been sure was lost after the cold. For every bone it reached was another lick of flame that coursed through her blood. It started at the centre of her chest, her heart, and slowly spread throughout her torso, heating and warming as it went. As it slipped down her arms Emylee finally became aware of the voices that spoke in the room, people who clearly believed she was completely unconscious.

"She will be kept in safe hands my son." Came a soft, female, yet strongly authoritative voice "I know how you worry. But you need rest too. Exhausting yourself over an unknown girl will do you no good whatsoever"

"But Mother!" Was the rich, male, baritone reply. The reply of her saviour. Her guardian angel. "It's been days! I cannot miss her awakening. It's my duty-"

"Enough." His mother cut in. "She suffered severely from the cold, unlike many of our village she is human. This means it will likely be days more before she does awaken. Your duty will be much better served if you are well rested and properly prepared to help her when she does."

There was a long silence within which Emylee's saviour was heard to do nothing but breathe heavily. He truly cared about whether or not she lived or died, it had been so long since anyone had done that. Cared. Her own parents had attempted to ignore her when they saw her curse of fire, and then they had abandoned her when the memories began. Not that she could blame them. Why would anyone want a half mad daughter, who could cast devastating fires and claimed she had lived before? Certainly not Mama and Father.

But this boy, man even, did. Care that is. He knew nothing of her, asked nothing of her, he just wanted to help. Better yet his mother

was a witch, he would be able to accept her like no one had in this life. She knew only from the tell tale ghost of a floral scent that hung about this hut, clinging to the herbs and surfaces around the small room. A floral scent that, while sweet for the moments it was there, would leave a tang at the back of your throat. Nothing too unpleasant, but just enough so that you knew it had been there. It was something a witch would always recognise. And a witch was exactly what Emylee was. Which is why she almost laughed outright when her saviour's mother claimed she was human, giving herself away. Not that she was hiding, but without knowing the time of day there was no way to prepare her eyes for the onslaught of light that was to come.

Yet fate was against her and she heard her saviour's sigh of reluctant consent before light, almost silent feet padded away and out what Emylee could only perceive to be a door. On the inside she was grinning though. Intuition told her she'd been carried here and her last memories being of him calling for someone to fetch his mother meant he had been the one to carry her to this shelter of magic. She was by no means a small woman and he must have been a man of half decent physique to hold her weight. Yet this was not why she smiled, though of course the idea that her saviour could be any less than well built did send a certain thrill through her. What made her smile was his silent steps. Any man of a physique strong enough to carry her must be of a certain height and weight, a height and weight which would make his foot fall heavy and likely disjointed. The fact that her saviour's was quite the opposite confirmed that he was graceful and for a man, that type of grace came from but one thing.

Sword fighting.

Her saviour grew more perfect by the minute. Honourable, caring, well built, a sword fighters grace. And she still had yet to meet him! Could it be selfish to hope that he was handsome? Would it be indiscreet to wonder if he'd even take any interest in her whatsoever? Was it possible for her to be such a child? If so, how was it that she could know so much of him and- he'd left the hut.

The light, easy breaths that stirred the air belonged to the other witch, yet there was no movement. It was like waiting for a drop of water to fall; the seconds dragged, clawing desperately at thin air to stay still. Every creak, crack and rustle was defined in it's own unique moment. Perfectly frozen and stilled in time. But, like ice, it could crack and be pierced. In this certain case that crack was the calm, velvety tones of the other woman, this hut's resident witch.

"I know you've awoken." She said. "Yet I am curious. How have you healed so soon?"

Cracking her eyes open in the smallest of slits, Emylee peeked a look in the direction which the beautiful voice had originated. There, in the natural light that leaked through the roof of the hut, stood an astonishing woman who could not have been much older than her late thirties. Hair of spun gold, eyes of a sunlit forest, a luminous pearly texture upon her skin. The witch was a woman who would have been truly beautiful, the dampener to these facts was merely the scowl that was set on her lips like stone. A feature that truly did ruin her. But there was no mistaking the tang of magic that rolled

off of this witch in waves, true power with an intelligent wielder, not a witch to handle lightly.

Emylee opened her mouth to speak, but had difficulty navigating round her dry throat. "Water." She croaked "Please?" She added quickly though it sounded far more like a wheeze than anything else.

"Of course." Came the witches clipped tone. However Emylee respected this. She was a stranger in this residence, in this magical sanctuary, this witch had every right to be on guard. The fact that she was even getting her a cup of water was a miracle in itself.

Once Emylee had received and drunk the water she decided that many problems would be saved by telling this witch the truth. If anyone was going to understand, it would be another witch. In lives long since passed she'd had strong ties to many witches, women (and men, who were better known as warlocks) she would never forget, sisters for eternity. This witch may seem cold, but Emylee had seen far colder in her lives. Last night was just the beginning of that very long list. And in that frame of mind was exactly where she began to talk.

"I'm a witch, not unlike yourself." Emylee said "Well, maybe a little more powerful." She tacked on as an afterthought, suddenly blushing at the pigheadedness of the comment. To this the golden headed witch before her's eyebrows arched delicately, the eyes beneath them reminding her of a mother's unimpressed look, of which she'd seen many.

However the witch smiled coolly and moved on with her questioning "If that is the case, then giving me your name will be no trouble?"

"None at all." Was the short reply that sprung from Emylee's throat. Stupid, headstrong, arrogant girl. She quipped to herself. Her self loathing worsening when the witch looked at her expectantly. Sighing she said in a small voice. "I am Emylee."

The sharp intake of breath from the witch opposite was enough to confirm her fears. She had been recognised and all too quickly. But instead of hanging her head low she called upon all of the Spartan willpower she possessed and raised her eyes to the witch's shocked emerald ones. "Before this goes any further. I wish neither you nor your family, nor your friends, nor your village any harm." She held her hands out in a gesture of peace. "If witch tutors ever teach anything true about me it must at least be that I keep my word. And I give you my word that I'm telling you the truth."

The witch visibly relaxed, her widened eyes drooping closed for a few brief moments before returning to Emylee. The air was thick. So much so that it could surely have been cut by a blade. It carried not only the floral scent of magic but the metal cell of anticipation. Whatever this witch had felt in her realisation of Emylee's nature was long gone, replacing fear with what Emylee could only assume was curiosity. After another deep breath the witch said "In that case." She swallowed loudly "I should formally introduce myself. I am Esther Mikaelson. And we have much to discuss."

~*~After their talk~*~

Normal, an extraordinarily abnormal concept. Normal for one person was something completely random for another, no one single human being could claim to be it. Yet for Rebekah Mikaelson it was as precious as gold, she thrived upon it and desperately clung to it. Without the shell she created around herself; the carefully weaved web of lies she'd told herself; the hole she'd dug herself far enough into to convince herself that seeing the light again would be bad; she'd fall. To be plain: Rebekah's mother was a witch, and she happened to love in a town full of people who turned into bloodlusting Wolves once a month. So yes, normal was a prime goal for Rebekah, for without it her family would drive her mad.

So when her mother Esther beckoned her to her magic hut, she was nothing less than reluctant to go. The building was small and quite honestly crooked. But Rebekah had briefly seen the poor girl who Elijah had found yesterday, whatever had happened to her, she'd want a friend.

"Yes mother." She sighed having arrived at the entrance. Shoulders thrown back sturdily, almost as if she were preparing to head off to war with her brothers.

"Our guest is awake, and..." Esther paused and for a rare moment Rebekah saw a look of helplessness on her mother's face. "I don't know how to talk to her. She's... Young. And old at the same time." Esther sighed again, exasperated with herself. "Do you remember the stories I told you as a child? The ones about the Vendetta Witch of Old?"

Quick as a whip Rebekah's eyes widened, memories flooding through, invading her senses. This girl couldn't be... Yet who else would be awake so soon after, forget that, who else would be alive? The Vendetta Witch, an ancient witch with powers that transcended all others. But also a witch with the curse of rebirth. How could such a powerful one be so... Helpless? Better yet, why would Mother believe that the witch would talk to her? "How on Earth could I help Mother? She must be millennia old, she will think I am a mere child and-"

"She will not." Esther cut in " As I said, she is both young and old. She has memories and skills that go beyond any witch, or being for the matter, in existence, but she will act the age she looks. Emotionally and Physically she is not so different from you."

Not convinced, Rebekah shook her head. "What could I possibly say to her? It's not as though we have any shared life experience Mother." She immediately clamped her mouth shut, speaking in such a way was extremely disrespectful and could end her in the deepest pits of trouble possible. Yet, much to her surprise, it didn't. Esther simply sighed and shrugged her shoulders, looking utterly defeated.

"I will not force you to do this if you truly do not wish to. However I thoroughly hope that you reconsider." Esther paused "Of all of us here upon this earth, she needs a friend the most." And then she walked away towards their family home, presumably to talk to Mikael or a brother of Rebekah's. It was one of her mother's favourite tricks that, letting your mind whirr over all the reasons that she was right and you were wrong and then allowing you to set your own moral compass. She would always have the supposedly 'correct' way of

thinking and no matter what you did, you would end up facing in the same direction as her before the hour was up. An annoyingly useful skill which Rebekah had yet to master. An annoyingly useful skill which Esther could wield to the highest of it's abilities. And it was the skill which had Rebekah huffing and confidently striding towards the hut in a manner only the most determined of people could hope to pull off. Because, the spirits damn it, her mother was a manipulative she-demon.

"Alright, you've clearly met my mother and she's told me all about Emylee The Vendetta Witch of Old, and I'm supposedly meant to speak to you and bond with you. But I'll be honest with both you and myself and tell you that I don't know where to begin! Because it's not everyday you speak to a 2 thousand year old witch who is emotionally and physically 19 just like me!" Rebekah breathed heavily "So for the love of whatever God or Gods there may be, can you give me a starting point?"

After such an outburst Rebekah half expected to end up as a pile of rabbit droppings or something equally as disgusting. Enraging her own mother or father would have resulted in harsh or even cruel chores to do around the village, though none of the siblings would ever complain in fear of a far worse punishment. Mikael had been known to beat Niklaus till he could not walk the next day for a reason as simple as laughing at a crude joke. Yet the witch before Rebekah had the biggest, softest smile on her slim, oval face; her eyes dancing with genuine happiness and sincerity, the blue reminding her of the jumping stream when it caught the sunlight, mixing strands of midnight with bolts of lightning. And when Emylee spoke it was calm and warm, inviting her in like the hearth of her home.

"Well, since you asked to politely," The light humour shone out her eyes. "My name is Emylee, mentally, I may be 2472, but for the purpose of the friendship I hope to establish with you, I'm 19. Now, why don't you tell me your name and help me pick one of these gorgeous dresses your mother left for me to wear?"

Mouth floundering like a fish, Rebekah began to laugh the most wholehearted laugh she'd had in years, it's melodic sound gliding through the air with a dancers grace. Tiptoeing along the dusty jars of herbs and unlocking memories of good times past. A laugh to which Emylee joined in with, both girls marvelling at the absurdity and wonder of the whole situation. This would be the beginning of a most interesting friendship to say the least.

~~~A few hours later~~~

"You are joking right? You just flung it out of the window!" Rebekah choked out between her laughter and sniggering. She and Emylee had been trying on dresses and trading stories for hours, Rebekah's of the little village in the new world and Emylee's of every country, continent and dynasty she could think of. The most recent involving Cleopatra and some rather unfortunately placed canopic jars. "How in hell did you get away with doing that?"

Emylee bit her lip and huffed. "I think you'll find I didn't. Not the most pleasant death really, being thrown from a balcony that is. Nice burial though, I was laid alongside my lover of the time, which is all I could have asked for really, lots of witnesses and mourners too. I felt very loved."

"Oh." Rebekah bit the inside of her lip as they lapsed into a comfortable silence. Only to be broken by "It was a mass grave on a battlefield wasn't it."

"Well..." Emylee trailed off, struggling for words. "Technically... Yeah, yeah it was." The both chuckled. A line like that shouldn't be funny but after hours of explaining various situations of Emylee's many blunt deaths the topic was taking a turn from morbid to just morbidly funny. Considering she generally ended up dead due to her own arrogance or because she followed and fought with her heart primarily, it made for some rather macabre yet laughable cases.

"What I don't understand is how you knew she was sleeping with, what was it? Mark Anthony? Yes that one." Rebekah said with her nose scrunched up in a highly confused fashion.

Emylee had been pursing her lips thoughtfully released them and sighed awkwardly like a child caught exactly where they shouldn't be. She turned and faced Rebekah with a guilty look gracing her feature. For a brief moment Rebekah feared that some dark horrible secret would come forward and crush the easy friendship that had come to them so fast. But the fear was gone faster than it had appeared, Emylee was The Vendetta Witch. To live a life dictated to her by revenge, where she must take the life of all who have the Ut Ulciscar cast upon them by a witch or warlock, and should she be killed during the task she would be reborn and take the being's life once her powers and memories resurfaced in that life of hers. It made the fear of any other formidable secret of Emylee's a moot point. The knowledge that Emylee had been nothing but honest with her, had given her nothing but the whole truth, no matter how bad a light it shone her in, also nullified the fear. Rebekah knew that no matter how bad a light in which Emylee saw herself, she was good and kind and caring. You only had to look at her to see it.

Drawing Rebekah's attention back to the present was Emylee's melodic voice. "It's not really that difficult to explain." She breathed "But most people assume that I do it all the time-but I don't." She sighed again.

"Go on." Rebekah urged "I will not be offended."

A small smile graced her lips, brightening up her whole face, it was a smile of hope with something glittering just behind the eyes. Huffing to give herself some nerve Emylee gushed out "I can feel the emotions of people around me, but the better I know a person the deeper into their mind I can see." Breathing heavily she added "If I'm touching the person I can see almost anything I want."

For the second time that day Rebekah sat there blinking and mildly speechless. The air in the room was once again frozen, each speck of dust suspended in the candle light which was now being used since night had fallen. The crackling of the campfire and the joyous laughter of the village could be heard outside, celebrations as always after a full moon, that slowed with the rest of time as the two women sat there in awe and anticipation of each other's reactions. Emylee was the far more subtle of the two about the nervousness, she still sat straight and kept her eyes locked on Rebekah, calmly awaiting what she assumed would be a disgusted

reaction. Except, what was going through Rebekah's mind was quite the opposite. She was leaning forward in her seat, long, golden hair falling gently around her shoulders, swept away from her face in a thick braid over the top of her head, not dissimilar to a tiara. Her shoulders were slightly hunched in tension yet they did not lose the delicate sense of a young woman, however she was chewing her bottom lip due to nerves and stopped only when she opened her mouth to speak.

"All the better to play pranks on my brother's with then?" She finally breathed out, the most mischievous of smiles creeping along her lips. "Speaking of my brothers, how about we go meet them?" Rebekah squealed, barely controlling her excitement, it was thick in the air every breath drawing it in, filling Emylee up with the warm and bubbly feeling of freedom. For the first time in far too long, letting her feel like a young girl, without responsibilities or cares, allowing her to leave the 'powerful witch' weight behind in that room. And all because Rebekah Mikaelson's moods were truly contagious.

The happy feeling helped to stoke the fire within Emylee's heart, pushing away all thoughts of ice and death and cold. Letting focus on the good memories of hope; Rebekah, her friend's smile; Andromeda, coaxing her forward to a better life than her, from high up in the stars and a rich, deep baritone voice of a saviour she couldn't wait to meet. Good. No, great memories that kept her inner flame blazing strong and bright. No matter what she was, what she'd been, or what she would become in the future. Right now she had a home, with a friend and hopes of making a true family she could stay with. Some, like Esther, had and would tell her that it was unwise to have such dreams, but without them, what did Emylee really have?

So it was with no small amount of gladness and satisfaction that Emylee grinned widely, joyfully and stood to smooth her carefully chosen dress with anxious hands before replying: "I would absolutely love to meet them Rebekah, please do lead the way."

~\*~A few minutes later~\*~

The fire pit burnt hotly at the centre of the camp, emitting comforting smells of charcoal and cooking meat for the collective meal of the village. This tradition was older than even Niklaus's eldest brother Finn, representing respect and understanding of the power which the moon brings and it was done on the first night of the Waning Gibbous, therefore the night after the last Full moon. And oh, how the fire climbed, arching, stretching, jumping, curving in desperate attempts to reach out and touch the moon, as though they were in awe of it, in awe of the pale incandescent beauty that outshone all those stars who surrounded it. The villagers danced upon the ground as a way of prayer, almost, to this power, friends, siblings, husbands and wives. And it was that scene to the right of the fire pit, of the olive skinned, chocolate haired, 'loose-myself-a-thousand-times-in-them' eyed beauty dancing in the fire light with Elijah, that truly wrenched Niklaus's heart.

Tatia Petrova held no equal in his sea blue eyes. To him her strength knew no limits, for when she lost her husband to war, instead of tossing herself to the fire on which he was cremated, as true Viking tradition demanded, she stayed to raise their daughter, who without her would be alone. In Niklaus's heart there was nothing more

important than family, and though he had yearned to claim her love for years before even her and her husband's wedding, it had only strengthened in the wake of her choice. She, with her melodious voice, her traditional braids and her warrior and hunting skills had entranced him so completely that he was helpless to her very gaze. And to see her spinning and laughing with such joy and happiness in the arms of another... There could be no greater strain on his sheer existence. Even if that other were one of his own brothers.

However, it was one of his brothers, meaning that should Niklaus attempt to win Tatia's favours, it would be done with honour that would outshine Elijah completely. It would be no meagre feat which would require stealth, control, pride and no small amount of luck. To Niklaus there seemed to be no greater a task in his future than this.

However it was a task that would have been set into motion had Rebekah not stepped out of their mother's healing hut with the young woman from the previous day. Clad in a lengthly burgundy dress with her hair still braided and precisely placed in its knot at the base at her head, she could have been a close rival for even Tatia's beauty. Not that Niklaus would have changed his mind about loving Tatia but he was merely observing that this woman was very beautiful. And that this beauty could be a wonderful distraction from his current ailments.

With a small hop in his step he meandered over to the two women, a sly grin gracing his features and a reckless glint in his eyes. "Ah sister, I see you've brought our newest addition to the celebrations!" Turning to Emylee and taking her hand to kiss her knuckles. "Niklaus Mikaelson, my lady, but my family and friends call me Nik."

Most women swooned and blushed and giggled at this little show of flirtations. There had even been an incident where one poor girl fainted, not that his ego had inflated a huge amount at that point. The simple fact was that Niklaus Mikaelson was handsome, not 'he's better than anything else around here' handsome, but full on 'dazzle the undergarments off of you with my smile' handsome. His charm and looks were irresistible. Or at least he had thought so, until he met Emylee.

"Pleasure to meet you Niklaus." Bluntly turning to Rebekah she then asked "So where's my-" she cut off fumbling with her words, finally giving up she huffed out "Where's the brother who saved me?"

\_'So the girl has a crush on someone she doesn't even know.'\_ Niklaus rolled his eyes. It should have been obvious really, everyone loved Elijah. And even Niklaus had to admit, he understood why. A man of his word, honourable as they came; a warrior with wicked talent with a sword and, if the ladies of their village were to be believed, one of the four most eligible men in the village. Not to mention the far less seemly comments about his looks. All in all his brother was the proper and kind gentleman that all mothers hoped their daughters would marry. Yet fate was cruel and had chosen to make Elijah fall just as madly in love with Tatia as Niklaus was. A fact that Niklaus would trade with a hundred of his father's lashings were it possible.

And then there was this beauty, besotted before she'd even seen his

face! She was the tip of the sharp knife that was raking it's way through him with every blow, come think of it he did not yet know her name. So before Rebekah and her walked away he called playfully "While I do seem to be an oblivious flirt, at least let me know the name of the woman who rejects my heart." His exaggerated manner was not missed by Emylee in the slightest.

And the locking of two blue sets of eyes, one set of cut sapphires and the other of the rolling waves of the sea, was not missed by Rebekah. There was a language there, a common ground amongst two strangers. Emylee had the mannerisms of a girl their age but it was there like ink on paper, she was wise beyond anything the living knew. She'd captured the Mikaelson children's hearts and minds without saying a word. For Elijah she'd just laid there in need of assistance; for Rebekah, she'd smiled and welcomed Rebekah's confused mind with the warmth in her eyes and for Niklaus, she'd been the first to draw his attention away from Tatia in nearly a year. And though it had taken a while Emylee had even drawn Esther to her side. This was girl beyond easy knowledge, she was someone who defied the laws on nature and she drew all those around her in like moths to a flame. Emylee didn't need words to be loved and how the story of her origin could be true was far from Rebekah's grasp.

The story went that her father had died in the war between Sparta and the Persians in 480 B.C. Her mother, the powerful witch Lyra, was thrown into a fit of madness, summoning the darkest, most primordial powers known to the Wicca people. Though history did not remember it witches do, they tell of how she summoned the dark spell Ut Ulciscar not for one second caring for the consequences, even when it razed the Persian army to the ground. Only to find months later, having been shunned for the darkness she'd summoned, that she was pregnant, and only to find years after that, that the child was the Vendetta Witch. Nature must always have a balance, that was, is and would always be the law. Lyra had avenged her husband's death, but in the process opened up a new weapon for witches. Her child was supposedly mortal, could live, grow old and die, but she would always be reborn and never know true death. And in her lives, any witch or warlock powerful enough to cast Ut Ulciscar would be able to dictate to her what she used her powers for. What she used her powers to kill.

And with that the legend of the Vendetta Witch was borne. Which until Emylee had arrived, was nothing more than a bedtime story for the Mikaelson children when they'd been naughty. Reality was a shattered mirror for them these days, they'd learnt that every time they found a seemingly safe piece to admire life in, one of the sharp corners would slice their hands open and their blood would distort the image. A morbid thought, but it had a distinct level of truth to it, what with werewolves and witches surrounding them. But it did make it all the easier for Niklaus to accept the normalcy of the situation when Emylee spoke.

"My name is Emylee, and I hope we speak again sometime Niklaus." The first genuine smile Niklaus had seen in a very long time glowed from her face, revealing what he'd thought was a complete puzzle of the heart in his chest that only held spaces for Tatia and his family. But as he looked he felt the gap in the puzzle, the gaping hole within him, fill. A wound that had caused him so much pain, though he'd not known it till now. He was a mess and she'd accepted him, just like that.

For the first time in his life Niklaus felt the beginnings of friendship.

~\*~At the same moment~\*~

"I need a little air if you would be so kind as to excuse me, my dear Elijah." Tatia said her perfect smile like a beam of sunlight that was only for him, his personal sun in the darkness. There was no part of his being that could have resisted her wishes, even if it were pain beyond agony. He would endure it for her.

As it was his eyes never left her as she glided away from the makeshift dance floor, hips swaying slightly with every movement. His earthen eyes were transfixed by even the tiniest shift of her hair, the slightest flutter of her eyelashes, she was as graceful as the deer they hunted, yet there was a feline sense to her as well. And she certainly had claws, as rambunctious and stubborn as she was. Yet level headed and in control of her own mind, she was, to his every sense, flawless.

That word though. Flawless. It nagged at his mind, pricking and pestering to be reconsidered. \_'There is no such thing as flawless,'\_ it would say. \_'She has never once confirmed her affections for you as you have her, never once denied Niklaus either.'\_

\_ 'Be silent.'\_ He would say.

\_ 'She plays both your heart for her own enjoyment, it will only get you hurt.'\_ And it said no more. Elijah refused to believe that these doubts could be real, Tatia merely had a large decision to make. Such a decision would take time, especially in the light of her late husband's death. Even though she appeared strong she must still be grieving deep inside.

Her laughter rung out across the centre of their village.

\_ 'Very deep it would seem.'\_ Came the distant echo of the voice, so quiet-a muttering-he almost missed it. But it was most certainly there. For once, there was nothing Elijah could say in return. He loved her. He was certain of that, though he knew Niklaus wished to own her heart as well, he was certain. And even though she'd never specifically said it he was almost sure his feelings were returned in earnest.

The pealing bells of her laughter echoed across the clearing once again, lifting him up and reminding him why he devoted himself in such a way. It wasn't as though he was unpopular amongst the women of their village, it was merely that when her laughter chimed in such a way he knew that he was addicted to the security he found in the freedom of the sound. However the high which it gave him could not be compared to any small plant; it shot into his veins as a pulsing beat of music, making him want to run and dance and sing for relief. Just the thought of it made him soar. How funny a thing love was, that someone's voice could elicit such a physical reaction from another, that one could want nothing more from life than to make them laugh and smile again. So strange to think that Tatia's voice sounded strangely deeper than usual as she spoke with someone. Was she ill? Was she talking to Niklaus? Who got a rather different response from her than ever from him. Unable to satisfy his churning curiosity with idle stillness, he risked a glance over his shoulder, fearing being

to obvious in his jealousy.

Only to find himself so entirely unsatisfied with the result that he growled audibly beneath his breath, attracting the unwanted attention of a few young women near by. Unsatisfying, not because Tatia stood there talking to Niklaus and he wished he and his brother were reversed. But because the alluringly beautiful girl who he had saved not even a full day ago, a girl supposedly meant to still be fast asleep, was standing there talking to Niklaus. And he wished more deeply than ever before that he and his brother were reversed in this situation.

Hair unchanged, she stood there in a form fitting dress the colour of blood. The colour strangely complimenting the pale beauty before him, give her skin a luminous glow, as though a fire radiated from the centre of her very soul. Elijah could see the flames flickering in her blue eyes, as though driftwood were burning in their depths, the salt within it giving the flames a new colour. Along with high cheekbones, full rosy lips and her clear immediate bond with Niklaus; she might as well have demanded the attention of every man of reasonable age in the vicinity. His brother let no one in but their siblings, smiled a real smile for no one but their siblings. Niklaus wasn't 'real' for anyone but family. So how in all planes of existence was this girl making him smile in such a way?

But for Elijah, the main question which begged was why did he care? He did not even know her name. \_'But you wish you did.'\_ Said the voice.

Blinking and shaking his head, as though he hoped it would somehow become jumbled enough not to speak, he looked up to find a truly astonishing smile making its way across her luscious lips. A smile that was clearly for Niklaus. The jealousy, rage and anger burnt through his soul a searing pain that he would never have expected, though Niklaus's charm won many women's heart (of which he'd almost always break), it was Elijah who could win their hearts (of which instead of breaking he would generally succeed in transferring to other fortunate men of their village). He sometimes felt a little like a matchmaker instead of a warrior, especially when it came to a particularly stubborn woman who decided he was for her and would accept on one else. Not that Elijah didn't manage to find her her now happy husband but it had taken time. So when Elijah saw her smiling with her whole face, from those sapphire eyes to those rose petal lips at Niklaus, he felt burnt to be on such an opposite end of the spectrum.

He had saved her, watched her, sat by her side in hopes of her awakening. And he'd missed it. Like a wayward arrow...he'd missed it. And for the Gods sake! \_Why did he care?\_

His feelings for Tatia should be against this, he'd lived, breathed and loved for years before this girl had shown up. One cold night doesn't destroy that-he would not let it! '\_Tatia, Tatia, Tatia,'\_ sung the voice. Mocking him with her name, each time felt like a whip of betrayal to her. He'd sooner take Niklaus's whippings over this strange affliction. Forcefully, he dragged up the sound of Tatia's laugh, melodies that rose above all, the tribal braids that held her hair from her face yet, still framed it to perfection, the midnight pools of her eyes that looked as though lightening was arcing through them... No, Tatia's eyes were the brown of fresh deer



fur, with flecks of gold running through, whose eyes were... Staring straight at him.

The girl-no, woman-was fixated, awed, by him. Whatever jealousy the smile she'd given Niklaus had evoked within him was dimmed in comparison to the sheer \_joy\_ that exploded from his chest. As though those beautiful lightning streaks had struck him in the heart and began playing catch with his heart. She looked at him as if she had been bestowed with a gift from the gods. No, she looked at him as if she were seeing a god, as though if she looked away she may die from deprivation of it. But the funny thing was, was that Elijah was looking at her exactly the same way. And though no human could hear it, their two hearts beat as one, they breathed as one.

Suddenly Elijah wasn't so certain of his love of Tatia, or at least not as certain as he was of this **\*\*bond\*\***.

**\*\*Hi!** As anyone who's read my work before will know, I take a long time to write. So I will be honest and say that realistically it could be another month before you get a new chapter, however I promise you will get a new chapter! Thank you so much to my two reviewers, I'm so glad that the poem was well received! And finally: Please do review! It makes my day to here what you have to say!**\*\***

**\*\*Lots of writerly love,\*\***

**\*\*Fangirling007\*\***

End  
file.